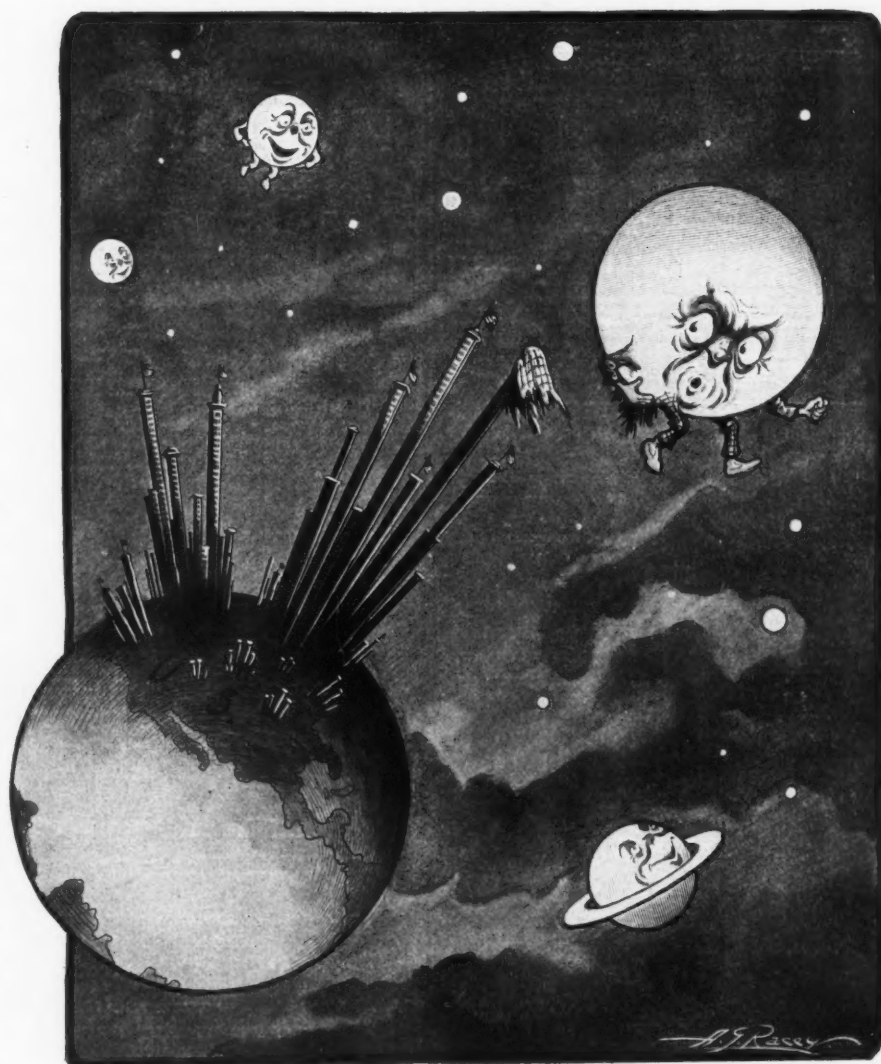


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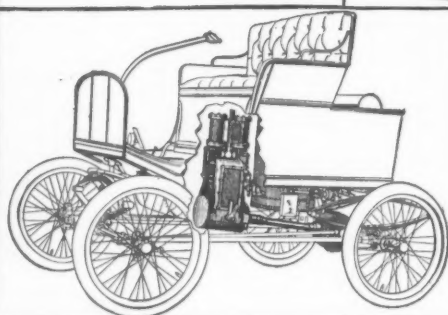
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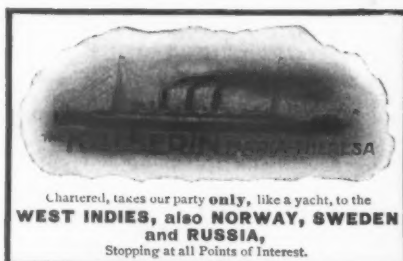
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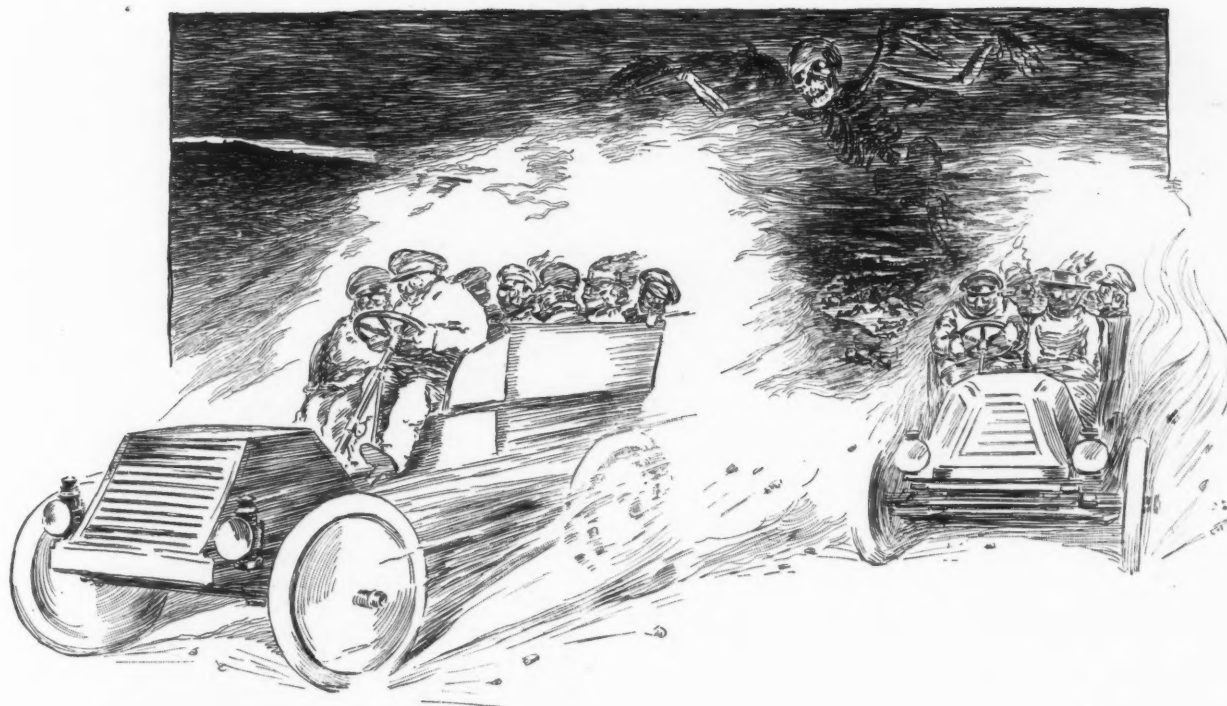


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LIFE



ALL IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH RODE THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Serenity.

ABOUT the hour of vesper-song
Each day I see her stroll along;
The robin from a blooming prong
A greeting flutes her;
Serenity,—this old-time name,
Relic of some departed dame,
Is that whereto the maid lays claim;
How well it suits her!
'Neath level brows her eyes gaze out,
No harborage for fear or doubt;
Her smile demure would put to rout
Each evil passion;
The red and white play hide-and-seek
Across the rondure of her cheek;
How restful 'tis to hear her speak
In her soft fashion!
I know she loves all quiet things,—
The South wind's mellow whisperings,
Eve's peaceful afterglow, and spring's
Hushed noontide rapture;

And when she sits alone, apart,
Reading some lyric of the heart,
Her seraph look a man of art
Would joy to capture.

She dances with the rhythmic sway
Of fragrant apple-boughs in May;
She makes *bon-mots* in such a way
That laughter bubbles
Spontaneous from the listener's lips;
She's dainty to her finger-tips;
Her presence throws into eclipse
The darkest troubles.

Alas, for human happiness!
But in these days of moil and stress
The maids like you, I must confess,
Are far and few, dear!
Ah, were I not the bliss denied,
I'm very sure that I could glide
Adown life's long toboggan-slide
Serene with you, dear!

Clinton Scollard.

Inopportune.

HE died in town this summer. During his last illness, his wife nursed him over the telephone from Newport; his doctor treated him by telegraph from Bar Harbor, and a letter, written from the top of the Alps by his clergyman, was read over him at the funeral.

Signs.

"THE minister has been away on a long vacation, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I thought the congregation looked rested."

FIRST DOCTOR: Have many died of that new disease of yours?

SECOND DOCTOR: No. But then, it isn't generally known yet.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

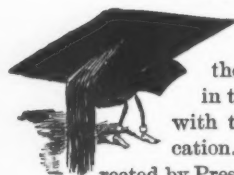
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE disposition of President Harper and other authorities of the University of Chicago to separate the men from the women in that institution goes hard with the advocates of coeducation. The university, directed by President Harper and backed by Mr. Rockefeller and others with ample funds, has aspired successfully to be one of the leading institutions of the country. Since its foundation in 1891 men and women have shared equally and without distinction in the educational opportunities that it offered. It has certainly flourished, and so far as the public knows, its experience of coeducation has been decidedly favorable. The determination of President Harper to separate the men from the women in future seems to have sprung from no special difficulties or embarrassments connected with past usages, but from the conclusion based on general observation that in such an institution as he is building up both the men and the women in the long run are likely to do better apart. This conclusion is a blow to the coeducationists, because it means that instead of Chicago setting an example for Harvard and Yale and the older universities to follow, Chicago is disposed to follow the example set by the older institutions. They all have colleges for women now, which are part of their university machinery and closely connected with their colleges for men. But almost all of them prefer to have their

men and their women students separately taught.

To many of us President Harper's purposes seem sound. Chicago is sure to be the seat of a very great and highly civilized population. Its university should aim to be the seat of the highest culture; to do for it what Harvard has so long done for Boston, what Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton have long done for New York and all the chief cities of the country. Coeducation is, of course, consistent with a very high degree of usefulness in a university. That it is favorable to the best work that any university may aspire to do seems not to be the opinion of the foremost and most experienced educators of the country. Dr. Harper is on the right track. His position and his opportunity are exceptional. There are probably few great Western universities that would be warranted in following his lead in this matter, but if he has his way he will make his university of more value to Chicago than it can be if it goes on on the same lines as in the past.



WHILE the stocks of all our leading express companies are constantly rising, and the papers record rumors that the strongest of them mean presently to combine, the British Government has made a bargain with one of them, under the terms of which a three-pound package mailed anywhere in Great Britain is to be delivered anywhere in the United States for twenty-four cents. An eleven-pound package mailed in England will in like manner be delivered anywhere in this country for seventy-two cents.

This is the most striking example we Americans have had of the advantages of a parcel post. Almost any kind of public service is better rendered by private corporations in this country than by the Government. The Post Office is the great exception, and even the Post Office is overcharged by the railroads, is unfairly used by some manufacturers, and lags sometimes in improvements which a live corporation would hasten to make. But with all its faults, we prefer to have the Gov-

ernment carry our letters. It is impossible that this extension of the British parcel post into our precincts should not suggest that it would be very advantageous to us to have our Post Office carry our parcels also. If English mail parcels can go from Edinburgh to San Francisco for twenty-four cents, how long must we pay a dollar to have a like parcel carried to San Francisco from New York?



HOW good a time does it pay to give a young girl just out in society? A mother was heard to say the other day: "My daughter does not seem inclined to marry. She has too good a time as she is. So do Clara Jones, and Olivia Robinson, and other girls of her time and set. They don't seem to be marrying girls. They have too good a time!"

Many observers are familiar with the situation this lady has described. Yet deserving parents continue to strain their resources and lavish their strength in order that their young daughters may have the time of their lives in society. What must they think of their labors and sacrifices when they find that their girls are all too happy as they are, and are highly contented with the untrammelled single state? The better policy may be to keep likely young women so restrained that they will look about and take thought how they may improve their condition. To make life so dull for them that they are tempted to elope with the coachman would be a mistake, but the mistake American parents are prone to make is of the other kind, and results in the conclusion by the over-indulged maiden that the chances are against her bettering her condition by changing it. That state of mind usually does not last forever, but it may easily last until the whom-shall-I-have period has given place to who-is-there-left, and then one's condition may not be so readily improved.



His Lordship: WILL YOUR FATHER BE AT THE DOCK?

She: WHY, YES, DEAR. SOME ONE MUST PAY THE DUTIES ON YOU.

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SIX VOLUMES OF VERSE.

THE placing of the responsibility for our dearth of poetic production is a matter as much and as fruitlessly discussed as the once popular question as to priority of claim between the chicken and the egg. The evolutionary race was finally decided to be a dead heat, and so, doubtless, the literary conditions are chargeable to neither authors nor readers, but due to those extraneous circumstances which have made possible the succession of three generations whose intellectual activities have been devoted to scientific investigations, and whose physical energies have been expended in their application to a triumphant commercialism. We believe, moreover, that the despairing cry of "Who killed cock robin?" is the wail of the alarmist. Cock robin is not dead. He is moulting, and, though for us he may not sing again, sooner or later he will regain both his plumage and his voice.

Even to-day those who listen may catch an occasional chirp suggestive of his old songs. Have you read Josephine Preston Peabody's drama in blank verse, *Marlowe*? It contains some exquisite passages and some true poetry. There are touches of gentlest sympathy and bursts of passionate protest that make Alison and Kit Marlowe once and for all real figures to us—human, known, understood. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

So much cannot be said of *A House of Days*, a collection of sonnets and songs by Christian Binkley. Serious purpose and nicety of feeling the author has, and here and there an echo from childhood, a flash of the quiet charm of Nature's smile or a suggestion of the chill of her anger comes to us from his verses. But most of them are academic and cold, unimpregnated by the inspiration that moved their framing. (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.25.)

Neither scientific absorption nor practical materialism, however, has dulled our love of humor, and the comic muse still smiles upon us. Many of the *Pine Tree Ballads*, by

Holman F. Day, are worthy of Gilbert's best moods, and we gladly add *The Tale of the Shag-Eyed Shark* and *The Great Jeehookibus Whale* to the list of our favorite foolishness. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

Quite an amusing novelty is presented to us by Clarence M. Falt. It consists of a volume of dialect verses called *Wharf and Fleet, Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester*, to each ballad being appended a much needed glossary. It is dull reading, but would make a good game. One reads a verse, guesses at the meaning, and consults the glossary to see how near one came to the answer. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

For many years, in gradually extending circles, the verses of "Ironquill" have been radiating the broad prairie humor of Kansas

"From the shores of Yellow Paint," until they have finally reached the sea and a metropolitan edition in *The Rhymes of Ironquill*. Algernon Swinburne is not the author's model. In fact, his lines appear to have been hewn out with an axe, but that they have point and wit is proved by their having lived so long and come so far. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The writing of verses, like the playing of music, may often be a solace to the performer when there is no warrant for asking an audience to share the emotion. The volume of *Songs of the Press*, by Bailey Millard, falls in this category, in which, by the way, in these days of many publishers, it does not lack company. (Elder and Shepard, San Francisco.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Good Roads.

IT is easy to understand how the automobile helps the good roads movement.

Farmers cannot but observe that the better they make the roads, the faster the automobiles go and the bigger these are.

If there is one thing a farmer enjoys more keenly than another, it is hauling his crops to market over a road where he is likely any minute to meet an automobile weighing about eighty tons and going, say, a hundred miles an hour.

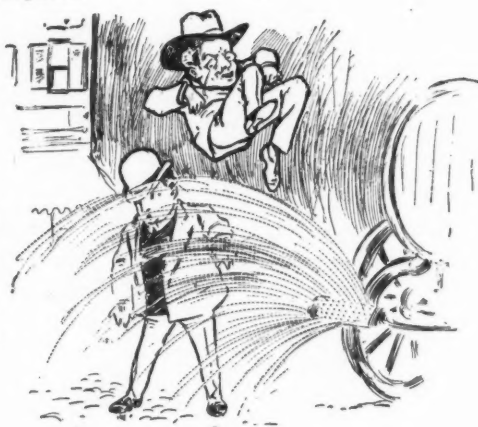
His Grace.

THE Duke of Marlborough has vowed that he will never again set foot in America.—*Cable*.

Now and then there is a nobleman who has the foresight to take away all he needs on his first visit, thus obviating the need to come back after another load.



"THERE SURELY ARE ADVANTAGES IN A COLLEGE EDUCATION."

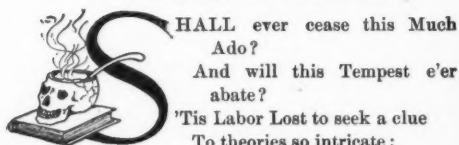


FOR INSTANCE,—



"I HELD THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RECORD FOR HIGH JUMPING."

A Ballade of Controversy.



SHALL ever cease this Much
Ado?
And will this Tempest e'er
abate?
'Tis Labor Lost to seek a clue
To theories so intricate;
'Tis sad to think a poet's fate
Should hang upon a cipher's say;
The case is growing desperate.
To settle it who hath a way?

Was Bacon in the Witches' brew?
And if, as critics gravely state,
The Pound of Flesh was Bacon, too,
Then Shylock sure should hesitate
With rashers to appease his hate.
Did Bacon really in his day
The melancholy Ham create?—
To settle it who hath a way?

Oh, would that we, for certain, knew
Who made the Pilgrim Passionate,
And who it was that tamed the Shrew,
And found for Benedick a mate.
Mayhap they did collaborate,
And from the shades enjoy the fray.
A Shakespeare-Bacon syndicate,
To settle it who hath a way?

ENVOI.

Fair ghost of one who might relate
The truth, oh, haste to help us, pray.
By spirit-cipher on a slate
Do settle it, Anne Hathaway.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

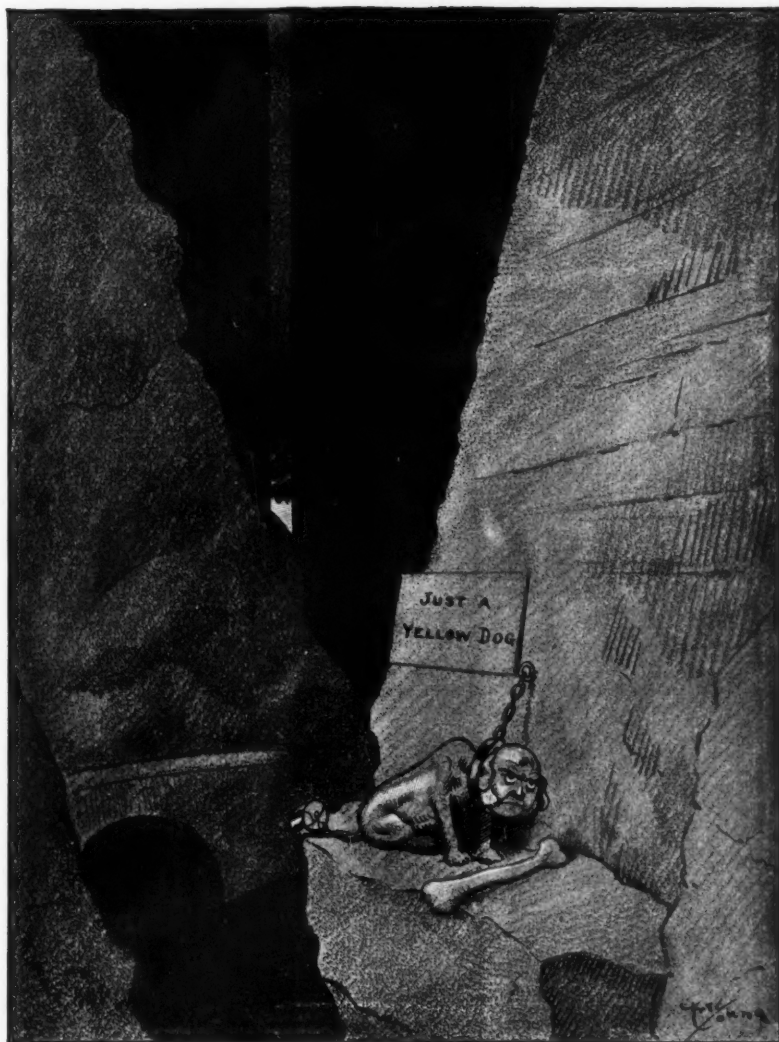
"HOW do you like Miss
De Soie in her new
play?"

"I think it is the best thing
in her wardrobe."



"HEIGH, MAG, YOU'S RIGHT.
IT'S ONLY IMITATION."

J. S. Shaw



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

THE TRANSFORMED SOUL OF THE MAN WHO MUST BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED AND ASSURED OF THE "SOCIAL STANDING" OF PEOPLE HE MEETS IN EVERY-DAY LIFE, BEFORE HE THINKS THEM WORTHY OF HIS COURTESY.

Gastrotomy.

IT seems to be settled that the human stomach can be cut out; but the operation being quite involved, it costs about as much as keeping a cook within twelve miles of the City Hall, and even to the inhabitants of the suburbs offers little relief.

However, the invention of labor-saving machinery may render the process commercially practicable in time.

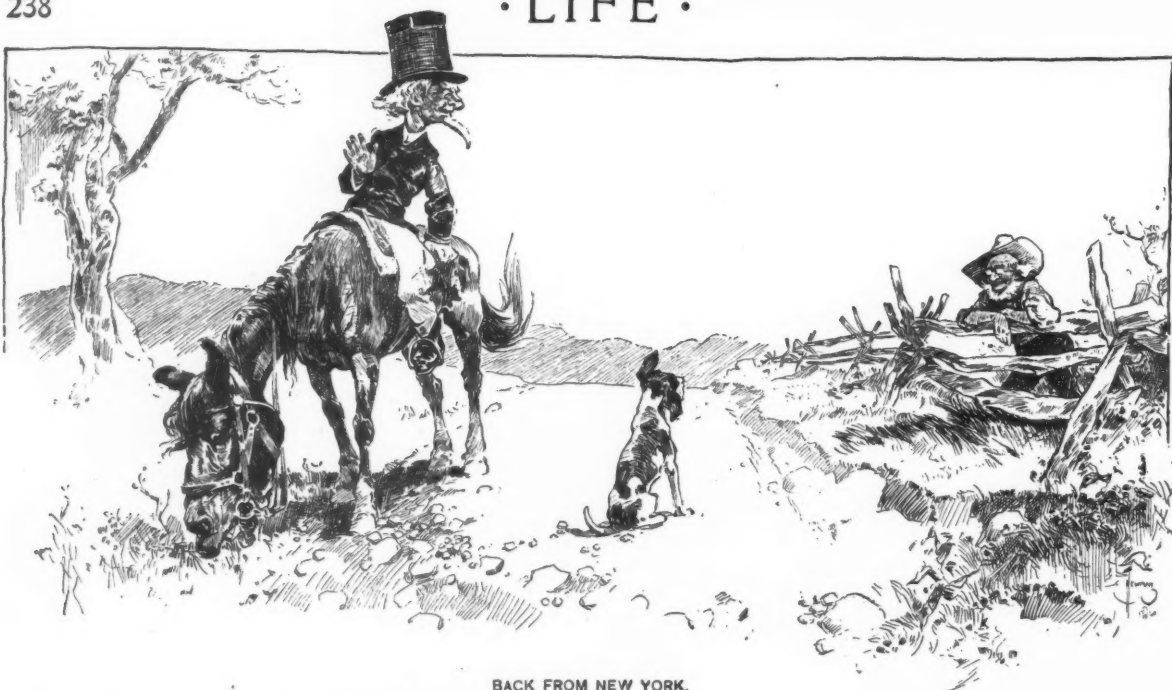
THE protective tariff is not the mother of trusts, though it is the parent of conditions that make it profitable for capital to combine and congenial for labor to organize.—*Secretary Shaw.*

This clears things up some. The tariff is the grandmother of trusts, and everybody knows how indulgent grandmothers are.

The Usual Thing.

"IT was a most romantic marriage."

"Indeed? Was the groom as worthless as all that?"



BACK FROM NEW YORK.

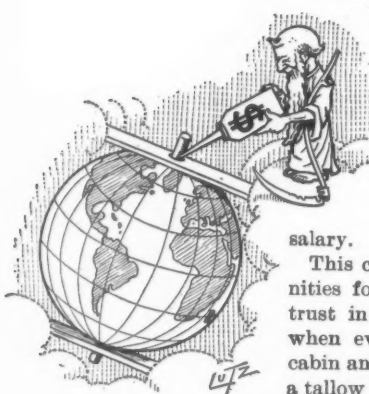
Uncle Sil (agreculurust): I'VE HEARN THE NEW YORK ZOO IS GREAT.

Uncle Jo (countryside joker): WAL, I GUESS! THEY'VE GOT THE UNMITIGATED ASS, AND MONEY SHARKS, AND COUNTRY SUCKERS, AND CHICAGO LOBSTERS, AND WALL STREET BULLS, AND STOCK EXCHANGE BEARS, AND PEACOCKS OF FASHION, AND MONKEY-FACED DUDES, AND SOCIETY APES, AND OLD HEN REFORMERS, AND GAWKIES, AND SNIPES, AND SNAKES OF VICE, AND TAMMANY TIGERS, AND OWL CARS, AND STANDARD OIL HOGS, AND DOVES OF PEACE, AND DOGS OF WAR, AN'—

Uncle Silas: SAY, JO, I WANT A GALLON OF THAT SAME CIDER.

Life's Dictionary of International Biography.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.



A MAGNATE in arms, his nurse being one Morgan, and Pittsburg his incubator. He has recently begun to sit up and take notice, having bought a million-dollar cabin on Riverside Drive which he is building with a week's

salary.

This country affords great opportunities for those who will put their trust in trusts. There was a time when even by being born in a log cabin and reading law by the light of a tallow dip the utmost that one might expect was to be President of the United States. Now, by living in Pittsburg a suitable time and learning the language, one can become president of the Steel Trust.

Mr. Schwab began at the bottom of the ladder, and even now he recalls with pride when he was a humble workman, with only a beggarly wage of a million or so a month.

Not being a Harvard man, there was nothing for him to do but to prove that this superfluity was not necessary to accomplish the greatest thing in the world—namely, to make more money than you need—and so, one

bright springday in the eighties, he cast about him for an occupation. At that time there were in the United States three mints: one at Philadelphia, one at San Francisco, and Carnegie's. Walking briskly into the latter's, he said:

"I am the coming man. Give me a job and I will make millions a drug on the market and every college man look like thirty cents."

From that moment the prestige of the Republican party was assured, and the library system began to strike in.

Mr. Schwab is now living in that portion of the United States bounded on the north by Pierpont Morgan, on the east by John D. Rockefeller, on the south by Wall Street, and on the west by John W. Gates; and his face is a household word. Every morning he can be seen with his dinner pail in his hand trudging down to his job, where he works all day by the sweat of his mind.

With the exception of Hetty Green's office boy, he is said to receive the largest salary in the world.

Recently he bought up some of Staten Island beach, and has kindly consented to turn over part of the Atlantic Ocean to the children.

Mr. Schwab's favorite occupations are roulette wheeling, raising new varieties of money, hobnobbing with select monarchs, and reassuring the Secretary of the Treasury.

Principal works: Words and music for the following song:

"I never had time to strike,"
the first stanza of which is as follows:

"With my strong right arm I labor on
And toil at the work I like,
Which is making money enough to burn—
For I never had time to strike."

Tom Masson.

How She Saved the Day.

A FAIRY who had lived in a forest all her life, and never mingled with real folks, concluded that she would vary the monotony, so she invented a patent spring that was calculated to draw a crowd, and presided over it herself in order to study human nature. She called it the Spring of the Future, and the idea was that when you gazed into its limpid depths you could look ahead and see yourself as you would be in the sweet by and by.

The first applicant who came along was a plutocrat, who having paid his fee, gazed in the spring and said:

"Ah, it is twenty years from now. I see one of my sons in a club smoking cigarettes and talking about the good time he had last night. His head is bald, though but twenty-nine, and he is as useless as they make 'em. Now I see my daughter having a set-to with her husband, some foreign duck, who is evidently getting the best of it. But no more! I won't look at another thing. Your spring is a fake."



AN ELUSIVE LADY.

She: GOOD EVENING. LET'S SEE—I ACCEPTED YOU LAST NIGHT, DID I NOT?
He: YOU SURELY DID! AND ONLY THE NIGHT BEFORE THAT YOU REFUSED ME, I SAY! YOU WANT TO BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THOSE DATES AND NOT GET 'EM MIXED!
She: SUPPOSE YOU TRY IT AGAIN AND WE'LL 'MAKE IT BEST TWO OUT OF THREE."



A BAD LISTENER.

"GRAN'POP, WHERE WUZ YOU WHEN THE MERRIMAC SANK?"
 "NAILIN' OLD GLORY TO THE MONITOR'S MAINMAST."
 "BUT THE MONITOR DIDN'T HAVE NO MAINMAST."

He was succeeded by a theatrical star, who immediately began:

"Oh, yes, it is quite plain. I am an old woman. I am quietly knitting in absolute silence. No! I cannot believe it. Your spring is a false, hollow invention."

The next who came was a hermit. He gazed for a moment and burst into hoarse laughter.

"Yes, it is indeed I," he observed. "And surrounded by crowds of people. There is some sort of reception, and I am the center. Ah, now I see. I have been found out—discovered. Society has taken me up. What a fate for a lover of nature! But I don't believe it. Your spring is a swindle."

By this time there was considerable commotion among the dissatisfied, all claiming with one voice that the spring was untrue, and it seemed as if the fairy would be mobbed.

But although she had never had any previous experience with people, she proved equal to the emergency, for she saw coming down the road two historical novelists and a naval hero.

"I will prove," she said, "by these three who approach that my spring is the real thing. Here," she said to the new recruits, "what do you see?"

The two historical novelists and the naval hero gazed long and steadily into the spring.

"Absolutely nothing!" they said at last.

Thus the fairy's triumph was complete and everybody apologized.

MORAL.

It is easy to prove your case if you know how.



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DESIGN FOR WALL
SUITABLE FOR A BACHELO



IGN FOR WALL PAPER.
FOR A BACHELOR APARTMENT.



Once More to the Breach.



A DISTINGUISHED foreign observer, who has lately sojourned in New York, voices the conclusion that the American public devotes its time, after taking out what is necessary for sleeping and eating, to making money, to going to the theatre, to talking about money and to talking about the theatre. He admits that there is a slight interest in horse-racing, which he attributes to its money-making possibilities, and that some slight attention is given to other sports. But of interest in art and in literature, of knowledge of true social intercourse, he finds only the merest trace, although his opportunities for observation have been varied and many. Of course, he found a few persons who cared for pictures other than chromos, a few persons who read books besides those advertised as "the novel of the year," and went to a few houses where hospitality meant something more than a display of wealth, but his conclusion was a general one.

Granting that his conclusion with respect of American interest in the theatre is true, and admitting what we all know to be true, that Americans excel the world in everything they undertake, the logical inference is that just as America leads the world in matters commercial, so is the American stage pre-eminent in matters dramatic. But is it? Let us watch the events of the coming season and see.

LIFE'S THEATRICAL PRIMER.



IS FOR DANIELS WHO'S FEELING QUITE BLUE,
FOR THOUGH HIS ATTIRE IS STYLISH AND NEW,
HE CANNOT ACQUIRE THE PRESENCE OF DREW.

EARLY among the season's attractions is a society play to which its author, Mr. Isaac Henderson, has given the curious title, "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." The mummy turns out to be an English nobleman so interested in scientific pursuits that he is as far removed from the life surrounding him as Rameses or Seti, and the humming bird is a polished Italian villain who is trying to steal the affections of the nobleman's pretty wife. Neither theme nor incidents are entirely new, but the author has introduced one or two entirely novel and original episodes, and bound the whole together into an interesting play. At points he fails to distinguish the difference between talk and conversation, and some would-be-clever-if-they-could epigrams are dragged into the dialogue by main force, but the general result is more than usually pleasing.

As *Lord Lumley*, "the mummy," Mr. John Drew is very fortunately cast. The author has subordinated the scientist to the gentleman, and Mr. Drew is one of the few American actors who can and does successfully portray gentlemanly characters. This is more difficult than might appear, and means more than simply avoiding such solecisms as eating with one's knife or wearing tan shoes with full evening dress. It is conveying to an audience by speech and manner that one is well-born and well-bred, a thing of art more than nature, as evidence the awkwardness and gawkiness of well-born and well-bred beginners and amateurs. There is more than this to the part of *Lord Lumley*, and in the sterner scenes where he comes to life from his mummified state and encounters the villain with polite banter overlying deep emotion, Mr. Drew showed thorough understanding of the part and ability to interpret it. As *D'Orelli*, the villain, Mr. Guy Standing was somewhat handicapped by physique and temperament in demonstrating the butterfly qualities of the character, but in the main was a satisfactory Latin foil to Mr. Drew's Anglo-Saxon stolidity. Margaret Dale as *Lady Lumley*, the pivot about which the story revolves, seems likely to become an able and attractive leading woman.

Mr. Lionel Barrymore was a genuine artistic surprise. He impersonated a young, lower class Italian with an exactness, an earnestness and an attention to detail rarely seen among our younger actors. The rôle of the simple-minded organ-grinder filled with the one idea of revenge is capable of many interpretations, but Mr. Barrymore chose exactly the right one, and it is to be hoped that this success will incite his ambition to achieve others.

"The Mummy and the Humming Bird" is worth seeing, both for itself and the way it is done.

MRS. JACK" is one of those plays written to make prominent a single character, and is, therefore, not to be judged from the very highest standards. It is intended to introduce the breezy presence of Alice Fischer into the starry firmament, and is a satisfactory vehicle for that purpose. Miss

Fischer impersonates a vigorous Western widow who goes through a number of complications connected with a fortune, a will and codicil, scheming relatives and a midnight burglary. All this sounds very strenuous, but *Mrs. Jack* is a widow with a strong sense of humor, and Miss Fischer, by virtue of her personality, carries the serious situations into the realm of fun. The play has a good many crudities, but it also has some clever lines and some laughable situations. The supporting company is competent and the performance moves smoothly.

Mrs. Jack is an amusing person with whom to spend an evening.

Metcalfe.

Anagraph.

A NNA, at the Zoo, would wander
In the spooky snake-house yonder;
Pausing in the place to ponder,
Anna conned an anaconda.

George Alison.

How to Be Popular.

A PPEAR happy even if you are not.
Happiness is never out of place except
at funerals. Even then it is better to check
it with your coat at the door than to leave
it at home.

If you have a stroke of luck see that
an account of it is thoroughly circulated.
The reputation of being lucky is a powerful
magnet if you want a large following of
friends.

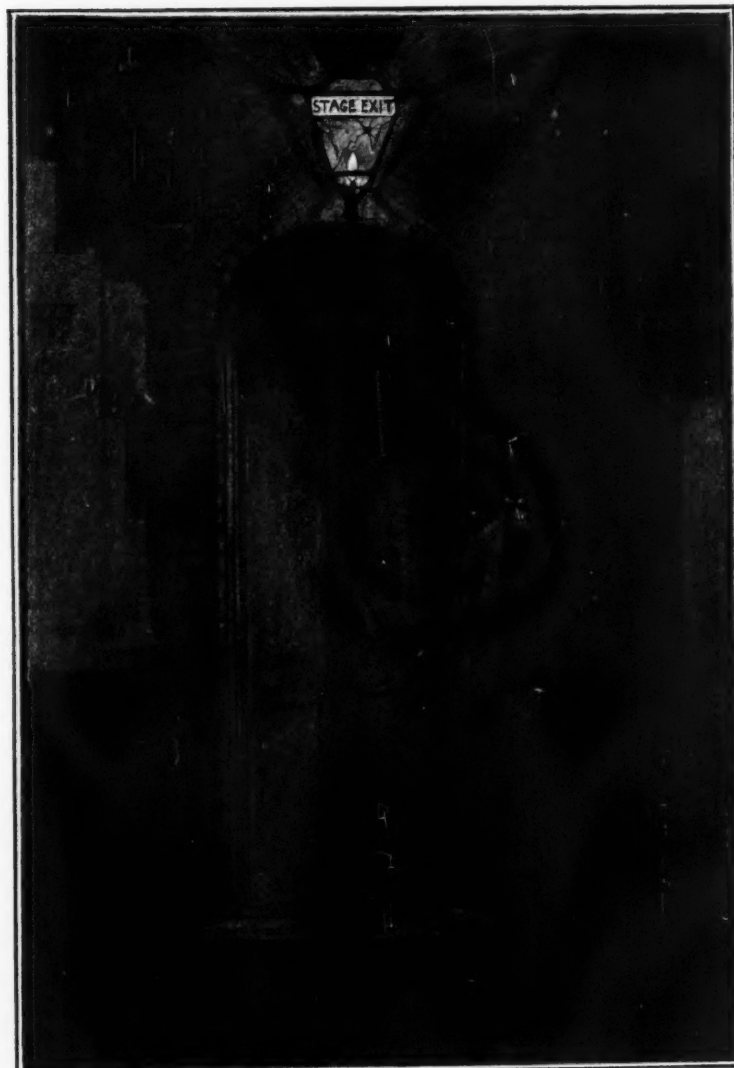
Wear an air of prosperity at all times,
even while availing yourself of the bank-
ruptcy law. No one (except your creditors)
will think less of you for looking prosperous
at such a time.

One of the most important requisites to
attain popularity is to dress well. Your
jewels may be imitation but you must have
a good tailor. Few can tell the real from
the false in the matter of gems, but even a
"Buttons" will sneer at your back if your
coat has not the proper cut.

When you converse let it be lightly about
nothing in particular. Remarks that indi-
cate deep thought, sincere sentiment or
strong feeling are bad form and won't be
tolerated by fashionable people. If you
don't know how to talk without saying
something, learn how to listen effectively.
There are always plenty of people ready to
be enrolled among the friends of a good
listener.

In short, the happier and luckier and
more prosperous you seem, the better
dressed you are, and the less you say, the
more friends you will have.

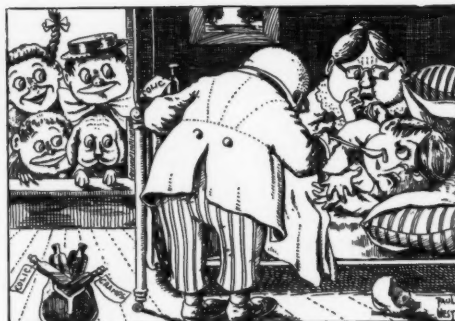
Francesca di Maria.



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE," ETC.



WILLIAM JOHNSON, STINGY MEAN,
WOULD NOT SHARE HIS APPLE GREEN.



WHEN ARRIVED THE COLIC BAD,
WILLIAM JOHNSON WISHED HE HAD.

Not Worth While.

"DID you get a
recommend from
your last place?"

"Yis, ma'am."

"Where is it?"

"Sure, it wasn't
worth keeping."

"JONES says his son
is studying for the
ministry, and has joined
the Y. M. C. A."

"I see—sowing his
tame oats."

The Patriotic Muse.



THE supply of Coronation odes—which seemed at one time inexhaustible—has at last run dry, and England must hail with relief their definite disappearance. One recalls the heartfelt pleasure with which Charles Lamb saw the Duke of Wellington's ghost laid finally to rest; nor are we without vivid recollections of our own patriotic song-bursts—of the *Cuba Libre* poems which fluttered through the newspapers so short a time ago. Nobody writes sonnets to Cuba now. Nobody writes an ode to the Philippines. If our ghosts are not laid, we have ceased to wreath their shades with verse.

It is hardly fair to blame Mr. Alfred Austin for the thirteen couplets with which he has celebrated King Edward's coronation. Like the Captain of the Mantelpiece:

"It was his duty, and he did."

More irreproachable sentiments were never uttered in verse. A sort of Third Reader morality pervades every line, a gentle ecstasy at sight of so much goodness and greatness combined in the person of one monarch. If he be a trifle vague—as is but natural—we are content not to be too strenuously instructed on these points. Most of the poetry written for the occasion savours rather of statistics than of song; and Mr. John Davidson's ode reads like a compendium of English history, beginning with

"Hengist and Horsa, Cerdric, Ivar, Cnut,
The Conqueror—Jutes, Saxons, Angles, Danes;"

and going down to the "enduring peace" welded between Briton and Boer. We are reminded, as we read, of that perplexed professor who asked a student why he had begun every line of his theme with a capital letter, and was told, to his surprise, that the composition was in blank verse.

The point on which Coronation poets have insisted most earnestly is that the King is Victoria's son. We have none of us doubted this, but from the nervous emphasis laid upon the fact, we might suppose the English nation feared a repetition of the fable which cost the Stewarts their crown. If the effusions of the past two months could be preserved from oblivion—a difficult matter—they would make curious reading for some far future day.

Agnes Repplier.

THE young are indignant because they are not understood; the old, because they are.

"DID you and the Luptons perfect that co-operative housekeeping plan you had for the summer?"

"No; we finally let it drop. You see, the Luptons are dear friends of my family, and we all felt that if we were going to hate anybody next fall, we would sooner hate some one we didn't like."

AT every wedding Hope is the Best Man.

In Old Nantucket Times.

A REAL TRUE YARN FROM S'CONSET.

IN old Nantucket times agone, in whaling's palmy days, Before the S'conset folk had learned new-fangled modern ways, Men oft would go to sea in ships and ne'er be heard of more; But sickness, death, and funerals were seldom seen ashore.

Off-islanders might there be brought, with one foot in the grave, Yet even these, Nantucket breeze and brine would mostly save. It seemed as if the S'conseters were fated not to know Funeral pomp and circumstance, nor don their suits of woe.

But, all things come to those who wait. The news like wildfire spread:

A Boston man lay grievous ill—in fact, as good as dead. 'Twas whispered in the twilight time, with not unmix'd affright, The invalid was very low, and couldn't last the night.

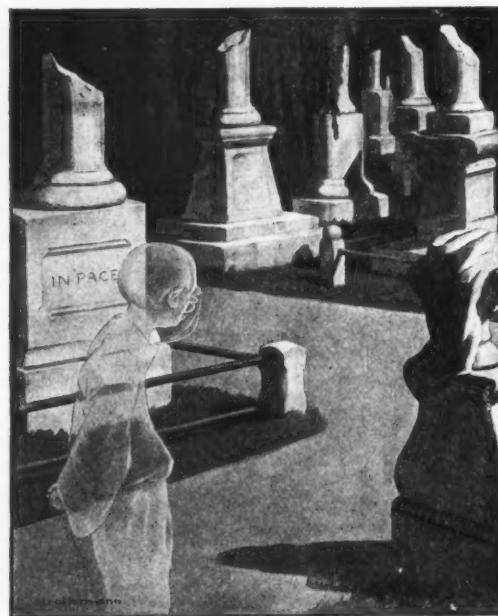
Next morning, bright and early, came a ten-year-old wee maid, She held her little brother's hand, and neither was afraid.

"We've called to see the dead man, please,"—this boon they asked, no more.

"He ain't dead yet," the woman said, who met them at the door.

Her sympathetic heart, no doubt, their disappointment shared— She fain would give encouragement, and yet she hardly dared. The while she paused, the little maid did not good courage lack, But hopefully inquired again: "Please, when shall we come back?"

Henry Tyrrell.



"LOOKS AS IF THE WIDOWS HAD BEEN ATTENDING A BARGAIN SALE OF MONUMENTS AT THE REMNANT COUNTER."



A PROVERB.

The Queen of Sheba: IT WAS A TRUE REPORT THAT I HEARD IN MINE OWN LAND OF THY GLORY. HOWBEIT, THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD ME.
Solomon: TRUE, O AFRICA, "ONE-HALF THE WORLD KNOWETH NOT HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVETH."



A CORRESPONDENT from Windsor, Vt., finds in our recent discussion of President G. Stanley Hall's guarded apology for slang the occasion for taking the following amusing verses from their pigeonhole :

EDUCATIONAL.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

I thought I saw a theorist pile
On burdened shoulders burdens more,
But when I looked again it was
A man of psychic lore
Who said if teachers studied slang
All children would know more.
I thought I saw an 8vo tome
Indulge in antics wild,
But when I looked again it was
A student of the child.
He said so many curious things
I felt a little riled.
I thought I saw a musing boy
Who tossed a rubber ball,
But when I looked again they said
It was G. St—y H—l—
A-laying down the law to them
For all the world like Paul.
I thought I heard a wailing cry,
That through the heavens rang;
It sounded like a fiend from hell
Who marshalled some sad gang;
But no—the teachers had begun
To study up their slang!

I thought I heard a primitive,
Who spake in words uncouth,
But when I looked again it was
A twentieth-century youth.
Said he, "My lingo's up to date—
You bet—and that's the truth."

Alice A. Stevens, in *Evening Post*.

A GENTLEMAN in London called on the celebrated editor of a well-known newspaper, and said :

"Sir, your paper has announced that I am dead."

"If it is in our paper it must be true," replied the editor.

"But it is not true; for, as you see, I am alive."

"Well, then, it cannot be helped."

"But I expect you to correct the misstatement," said the gentleman.

The editor answered : "I cannot do that, for we never recall what is in our paper. I will, however, do everything to bring you back to life. To-morrow I will place your name in the list of births."—*Exchange*.

At the Pension Bureau a letter was recently received from a pensioner in Illinois, saying :

"I am now getting a pension of thirty dollars a month. Recently the Lord has prospered me, and I do not think I should get so much money."

The letter staggered the Bureau. An investigation was ordered, and the examiner wrote back :

"I have the honor to inform you that the person who applied for a reduction of pension is now in the insane asylum at this place, and has been for some time."

—*Argonaut*.

An old town official of the city of Macon, Georgia, says in *Short Stories* that during the night of the earthquake disturbances of 1886 the City Council was in session.

When the quake shook the City Hall from basement to attic the councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. Whereupon the wag who kept the minutes of the meeting concluded his record with the following sentence :

"On motion of the City Hall, the council adjourned."

—*Exchange*.

HARRY SOBERNHEIMER, truant officer of the Twenty-first District, recently made a call at the home of a pupil whose absence had extended over a week, and inquired of the lad's mother, a genial looking Irish woman, the cause.

"Why," she said, "he's now past his thirteenth year, an' me and his father-r think he's after-r having schoolin' enough, sor."

"Schooling enough?" repeated the officer. "Why, I did not finish my education until I was twenty-three."

"Be that so?" asked the mother, in amazement. Then, reassuringly, after a moment's thoughtful pause : "Well, sor, yez see, that boy of ours has b-r-rains."

—*Philadelphia Times*.

A GOOD story comes from the Davidson Theatre and runs to the effect that a man from up the State went in to see the opera the other night, pulling his money from his pocket before he reached the box office window.

"I want tew git a good seat," he said, loud enough to be heard all over the lobby of the theatre, "and I want it right down the middle lane and close up tew the exercises."

He got it.—*Milwaukee Free Press*.

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Cork Tips as well



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at mixing cocktails."*

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THE latest thing in expensive jewelry is a capsule of ice in a crescent of anthracite coal chips.—*Baltimore News*.

"Oh, Lord," he said, as he knelt at his bedside one evening, "make me a good little boy. I asked you the other day to do it, and you didn't."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"He calls his office a 'dental parlor.' Isn't that ridiculous?"

"It is, indeed. He should call it a 'drawing-room.'"—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I HOPE there will be no mistakes in administering these medicines."

"Have no fear, doctor. I am a professional nurse, and madam is a professional invalid."—*New York Weekly*.

PREPARE the system to endure summer heat by fortifying with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

"I HAVE only the most distant relatives."

"Has the family run out?"

"No; they have all become rich."

—*Indianapolis News*.

"Was their engagement a happy one?"

"Oh, yes, very! They both married somebody else."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA. What a world of memory it conjures up! Every moment is profitably spent there. Your boys should see the greatest Fort Monroe. Send to the Chamberlain for booklet.

"Now, boys, what is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?"

No answer.

"What does your father do when you sit down to meals?"

"Cuss the cook."—*Town and Country*.

"THERE is one place, at least, that if there is a skeleton in one's family it's bound to be found out."

"Where?"

"On the beach."—*Chicago Journal*.

At a dinner recently, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed gave this definition of fame:

"It is largely a matter of accident. Being in the right place at the right time, and doing the right thing, or, better still, making people think you are doing the right thing, is about all there is to fame."—*Argonaut*.

A SIP of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne will convince you of your folly in patronizing other brands.

"So you ran across Dingbat in New York, did you? Has he a good position there?"

"He had when I saw him last. He was sitting in a hammock with the daughter of a big banker."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I SEE that a Michigan man and his wife have adopted twenty-two little children."

"Do you know their post-office address?"

"No. Why?"

"I'd like to go over there and start up a drug store."

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I HOLD a full hand," murmured the swain, as he squeezed the lily white fingers of the fair maid.

Here a royal flush mounted to her brow.

A royal flush beats a full hand every time. (See Hoyle.)

She won.—*Baltimore American*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's to the friends we class as old,
And here's to those we class as new;
May the new soon grow to us old
And the old ne'er grow to us new."

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*
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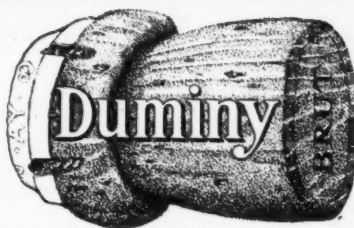
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PROMISES.

Once when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I'd die,
And mother couldn't smile at me
But it just turned to cry,
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said: "You're mighty cross
Since you got well."

—August Kortrecht, in the August Century.

IN discussing the prospect of President Castro being driven out of Venezuela the other day, Dr. David J. Hill, First Assistant Secretary of State, cited the case of former President Blanco, whose administration was overturned

after he had, according to common report, accumulated great wealth. He remarked that Señor Blanco was strolling in a boulevard in Paris when a passing pedestrian arrested the pace of his companion, and said:

"See that man; he stole \$3,000,000 when his government was overthrown."

Quick as a flash Señor Blanco turned.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, icily; "but it was \$5,000,000."—Argonaut.

MORE than sixty years ago the following short satire appeared in a leading American newspaper and shows that people in those days were just as fashionable as we are—if not more so:

"A model lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends her lap-dog; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his 'friends'; never saw a thimble, don't know a darning needle from a crowbar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the new fashion; dotes on Byron; adores every new fool

who grins behind a mustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, 'Don't know, indeed; ask Betty.'"—Schoolmaster.

A DISPOSITION to look always on the bright side of things spares its possessor much unhappiness, but when the cheerfulness rests upon reasoning so unsound as Mr. Dolan's there must some time come an awakening.

Mr. Dolan had lost his position at the mill, owing to his persistent habit of tardiness, and in consequence his wife was "low in her mind." But Dolan was as cheerful as ever.

"Now don't be losin' your smokes, Norah, darlin'," he said, coaxingly. "O'm out o' wurrk, to be sure, but 'twas only a dollar a day Oi got. If Oi'd been gettin' two dollars, our loss would be twice as bad. Kape that in mind, darlin', and not be complainin'."—Youth's Companion.

"THERE is nothing the matter with you," persisted the Christian Scientist, "absolutely nothing. Can I not convince you?"

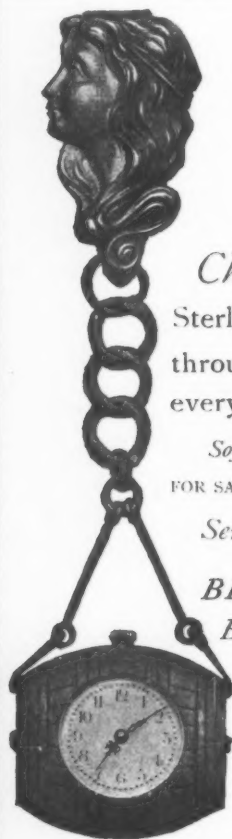
"Let me ask you a question," replied the sick man.

"A thousand if you like."

"Well, suppose a man has nothing the matter with him, and he dies of it, what didn't he have the matter with him?"

—Philadelphia Press.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Department of Finance,
Bureau for the Collection of Taxes,

New York, September 1, 1902.

Taxpayers who desire to obtain their bills promptly should make immediate written requisition (blanks may be procured in the borough offices), stating their property by Section or Ward, Block and Lot or Map Number, making copy of same from their bills of last year.

If a taxpayer is assessed for personal tax, the requisition should also request bill for such tax.

Each requisition should be accompanied by an envelope bearing the proper address of the applicant and with return postage prepaid.

In case of any doubt in regard to Ward, Section, Block or Lot Number, Taxpayers should take their deeds to the Department of Taxes and Assessment and have their property located on the maps of that Department, and forward to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes with the requisition, a certified memorandum of their property which will be furnished by the Department of Taxes and Assessment.

Taxpayers in this manner will receive their bills returned by mail at the earliest possible moment and avoid any delay caused by waiting on lines, as is required in case of personal application.

The requisition must be addressed and mailed to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes in whichever borough the property is located, as follows:

John J. McDonough, No. 57 Chambers Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York.

John B. Underhill, corner Third and Tremont Avenues, Borough of The Bronx, New York.

Jacob S. Van Wyck, Municipal Building, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

Frederick W. Bleckwenn, corner Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens, New York.

John De Morgan, Stapleton, New York.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

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Inhabitant: OH, LOR', BLESS YOU, NO, SIR. JUST 'AVE TO KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF THE SHARKS AND STRONG CURRENTS.—Moonshine.

SANDOW'S Great Offer

In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of **SANDOW'S MAGAZINE** of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least **one hundred thousand copies**, I make this **extraordinary offer**: Upon receipt of **\$1.00** (the annual subscription price), I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium

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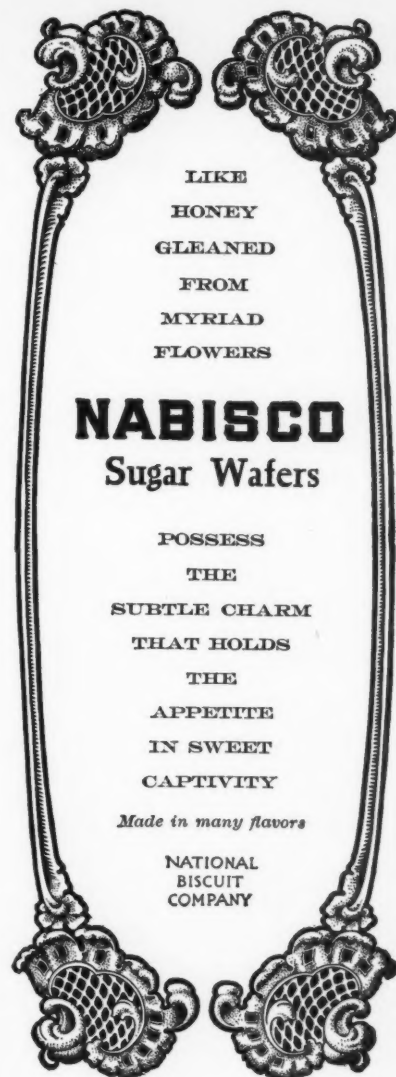
REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Account National Encampment, G. A. R.

For the Thirty-sixth National Encampment, G. A. R., to be held at Washington, D. C., October 6 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington from all points on its lines at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from October 4 to 7, inclusive, and good to return until October 14, inclusive. By depositing ticket with the Joint Agent at Washington between October 7 and 14, and the payment of 50 cents, an extension of the return limit to November 3 may be obtained.

For specific rates and further information apply to nearest ticket agent.

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